

[From Bayley's Ballads.]
THE NURSERY TALK.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery,
The tale that the gossips tell,
Of the two young girls that came to drink
At a certain Fairy well?
The words of the Youngest were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip,
But the tongue of the Eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on its tip!
At the well a Beggar accosted them,
(A Sprite in a mean disguise),
The Eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
The Youngest with tearful eyes:
Cried the Fairy "Whenever you speak, sweet girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall;"
"But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."
And have you not met with these sisters oft
In the haunts of the old and young?
The first with her pure and unsullied lip,
The last with her serpent tongue?
Yes—the first is GENUINITY—diamonds bright
On the darkest theme she throws,
And the last is SLANDER—leaving the slime
Of the snake wherever she goes!

POLITICAL.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

TO ANDREW JACKSON, President of the United States.

Sir: On the 24 inst. I addressed a letter to you, requesting an explanation of your extraordinary course in appointing me a Counsel one day, and recalling the commission the day after, without assigning any other reason than "misapprehension of the person intended to be appointed." To this letter, I have not been favoured with a reply. Had I received a satisfactory one, I could have had no excuse for this communication, which I exceedingly regret being compelled to make. But your silence, together with the insidious hint thrown out in the "official" journal of the Government, that you had good cause for your act, and the declaration by another Government journal, that I had acted with "deception," constrain me to make some comments on your conduct, and to state the facts in regard to my own.

Through an erroneous estimate of your character, the destinies of a mighty nation have been consigned into your hands. A self-constituted and self-styled "Central Committee" appear to have taken the affairs of the nation, and you in particular, into their special keeping, for their own use and pleasure; and claim a right to do so, from having been instrumental in elevating you to your present station—a station, for which neither your character, intellect nor education ever designed you, and which, from incapacity and wickedness, you daily disgrace. It is said that you are accessible to them at all times, and that they by flattery and adulation mould you to their will. I understand, Sir, that one of these miscreants, on hearing of my appointment, bristling himself up, and assuming an air of vast consequence, as one of your confidential advisers and friends, remarked, in a lofty and commanding tone, that the President must and should recall my commission, or that he would desert him and his cause.

Sir, I could not repress a smile at the consummate arrogance and impudence of the puppy, as I did not believe it possible that you would suffer such a rebuff to approach you as a dictator. But, Sir, conceive my astonishment, when in less than four hours after I had understood these threats to have been made, a letter was put into my hands, which, on opening, read as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, 31st July, 1829.

Sir: I am directed by the President to request you to return the commission appointing you Counsel of the United States at Martinique, which I had the honor of enclosing you a few days ago, to this office: the order for making it out being discovered to have been founded upon misapprehension, as to the person intended to be appointed.

DANIEL BRENNIN,
Chief Clerk.

After some reflection upon the subject, I could come to no other conclusion, than that the utterer of the threat before referred to, had outraged himself into your presence and demanded that my commission should be recalled, under the penalties of forfeiting his sage counsel and advice, and that of his worthy coadjutors, together with the dissolution of the said Central Committee—for I understood they met in a solemn conclave upon this momentous question, at the Inquisitorial Chamber, in the Post Office, their general rendezvous, and there debated the question with great zeal and pertinacity, and finally decided that the recall should be demanded—when a committee was deputed to wait on your Excellency, to make known their decision, with the awful consequences that would follow refusal. After giving an attentive ear, and due reflection, you truckled to their insolence, as forthwith issued the order of revocation.

Allow me here to pause, and ask, seriously and anxiously, whether you or their mighty highnesses, "the Central Committee," would the destinies of the American People? That you have acted in my case, as I have good reason to believe you have in others, agreeably to their advice and dictation, is, I think, incontrovertible. I am told, by one who professes to be in the secret of your Holy Inquisition, that, when your emissaries had disabused their consciences—to wit: by telling you that I had been an opponent—that I had written and circulated political matter, &c. &c. that you rose in all your majesty, looking them sternly in the face, and in an austere manner asked if they, of their own knowledge, knew what they related to be true; and that they answered in the affirmative. In doing so, they told that which was false. It will be time enough for me to admit or deny the correctness of the matter charged, when I learn from an authentic source, in what it consisted.

But, Sir, see the ridiculous position you place yourself in, by listening to such idle school boy tales, and acting upon them, as trifling as they are, without knowing them to be true, and by being governed by such counselors, by undoing one day, on questionable testimony and under the influence of the baser passions of the human heart, what you deliberately did the day before, with the advice of your Constitutional counselors. To enable you to do so, you have recourse not only to disingenuousness, but to an expedient which deserves a harsher name than a subterfuge. You say, that in appointing me, you "misapprehended the person intended to be appointed." My testimony, before you, and had been before you for three months; so also was my letter to the Secretary of State, in which I say, "Although it is not of political truth or influence, (but created for commercial purposes,) or a salary office, or one that can be desirable to any one but a merchant, who can combine with it mercenary pursuits, (as the returns signed it will show,) yet I deem it due to candor and fair dealing to state, for the information of the President, that in the late Presidential canvass I advocated the re-election of Mr. Adams." One of your friends who signed my testimonial stated distinctly the same facts. And I feel myself warranted in saying that my qualifications and political course were canvassed before you ordered a commission to be made out for me. When I called on Mr. Van Buren and handed him the commission, I remarked to him, that it would be gratifying to me to know the cause of so unprecedented a procedure. He replied that the appointment had been made previous to his leaving the city, and the recall of the commission previous to his return, since which, the President had been sick, and that he had not seen him; that he could not give me the reasons, whether from not knowing them, or want of disposition. I do not know. Not a word, Sir, about "misapprehension of the person intended to be appointed." Am I not then justified in saying that when "misapprehension" is assigned as an excuse for recalling the commission, it is not the real reason? If not so, I can only pity the confusion of intellect, under the influence of which

you appointed me, when you intended to appoint another. But you are welcome to either horn of the dilemma. Perhaps, in justice, you ought to take the latter horn of it, for on further reflection it appears to my mind, that there has been a want of suitable apprehension in most, if not all, of your public acts. On that supposition, your incapacity should excite a compassion, which would not be felt, if your conduct were considered to proceed from implacability, uncharitableness, malice, hatred and revenge. That good old book we all profess to hold to, and your common vows, forbid such feelings; and why should you have entertained them towards me, for exercising my franchise as an American citizen, for a fair and honest expression of opinion, and for writing and distributing political matter, and for doing all within my limited sphere, to prevent your elevation to the station you ingloriously occupy, well knowing, as I did, your total unfitness for it.

Had those who profess to be your friends, been truly so, they would not have been instrumental in placing you where you are. They made you their hobby horse, on which they might ride into office; they have accomplished their ends, and they will continue to use you, so long as they find it to their interest; it was for themselves, and not to serve you, nor the good of the country, that they did it—but you have rewarded many of them out of the public Treasury for their services rendered you personally, while others are clamorously demanding their hire, and punishment to your enemies of its best interests, are not in all your thoughts; they are, with you, and the satellites around you, of secondary consideration.

Men of superior talents, exalted virtues, able, faithful, and efficient in the discharge of their public duties—many of them sages and patriots of the Revolution—of whom you were meekly jealous, you have removed from office, to the great injury of the country, whose only crime, if such, by any abuse of language, it can be called, was in opposing your elevation to the chair of state, for which they conscientiously believed you unfit, and consequently, in opposing you, discharging an imperative duty—they did what they had an unequalled Constitutional right to do; and you, in punishing them for it, have violated the spirit of our institutions, and outraged the trust confided to you, under your hypocritical mask of reform—not content with depriving those removed, and their large and helpless families, of bread, to make room for partisans and sycophants, but insidious hints and innuendoes are thrown out, calculated to blast their reputation.

As an excuse for your outrageous acts, in order to lull the people into a state of security, that opinion may be suspended till from lapse of time they may be forgotten, it is said that all that is done, is done for their good. But, Sir, the veil is in part raised, and will ere long be torn off, when will stand exposed in all your naked deformity.

You, Sir, are a living proof that amidst a combination of fortuitous circumstances political success has been gained, and not by means of virtues, talents and qualifications, befitting the office.

No sooner is a patent turned out of office to make room for brawling idlers, than the whole pack of your plant tools let fly their anathemas to give him the finishing stroke. The cries of injured innocence, widows, orphans, and orphans, are reverberated through the land. A tyrant rules, and a nation mourns.

It is time freedom of opinion should be established, and the rights of the people secured against the oppression and outrage of petty tyrants.

You condemn me for circulating political documents detailing facts taken from official records, and circulated to enlighten the people as to your real character; but reward Tom Moore, Hill, Kendall, and a host of such worthies, for publishing and inundating the country with calumnies against your virtues, predecessors and his high-minded, faithful, and talented cabinet.

If those who now profess to be your friends, who have bartered away their consciences for office and treasury pay, your Bentons, Ritchies, Noahs, and others who once denounced you, be good authority, you were the last man in the United States that should have been placed where you are; for to them I was indebted for most of my unfavorable impressions towards you, until I had demonstrative proofs of the bad qualities of your head and heart. Your professing friends concede that you have been no better than you should be, to say the least, but contend that you have been converted, and like your brother Anos, heaven-born. I must confess I was startled when I heard these things, and began to cast about me for the evidence; but, alas! like an ignis fatuus, they elude my grasp.

Your secret spies and emissaries, true to their calling, are constantly on the alert, catering for your depraved appetite. They appear to understand your taste admirably, for no sooner do they hear anything said while passing the streets, or as caves-droppers, in regard to your incapacity or inevitable prostration, than post haste they start for the palace, and retail it to your eager ears. It is said you are accessible to them at all times, and receive them most graciously. Some of those worthy friends and confidential advisers, have received their reward, and others are impatiently awaiting and clamorously demanding it. Surely, Sir, such services ought not to go unrewarded—make the public well and purse subservient to them, as you yourself are.

Should this meet the eye of your keepers, a meeting at the Inquisitorial Chamber may be looked for. Their proceedings will be promptly laid before your Majesty for approval, and will doubtless receive your Royal signature.

Allow me to subscribe myself your fellow-citizen,
JNO. JACKSON.

From the Delaware Journal.

Negotiations with Great Britain.—Under this head the Free Trade Advocate of the 8th inst. contains an editorial article, the avowed object of which is to permeate the American Farmers, that it is their interest, that the treaty, which is said to be contemplated with Great Britain for the repeal of the tariff, should be realized. The *quid pro quo* for this concession on our part, is the repeal of the British Corn laws, so far as relates to the United States. The Editor admits and, indeed, shows by conclusive facts, that a general repeal of the Corn laws would not be beneficial to American farmers, because corn can be furnished from Germany, the Baltic and Black Sea, at a far cheaper rate, than it could possibly be sent from this country. Does he believe, that the partial repeal, that is, the admission of American bread stuffs exclusively, would be more beneficial? We do not believe, that it would confer either nominal or substantially any benefit upon our farmers—but we do believe, that the plan in all its parts, would eventually impoverish them, and with them the country. A barrel of American flour, taking the Free Trade Advocate itself as our guide, would, under the estimate, \$6.37—that is the barrel of flour would cost in Philadelphia \$5.62, that being the average of the last ten years—duty in England, proposed by the Editor as a moderate duty, \$1.25, freight \$1, insurance commission and other charges 50 cents. This would be the cost of a barrel of American flour in England, even when the first cost here is at the low rate that it has averaged during the last ten years. Now we should be pleased to see a table exhibiting the average prices of wheat and flour in England, for the last ten years; and we are much mistaken, if they would not show, that the importation of flour to England upon terms proposed by the Free Trade Advocate, would be a losing business to the American farmer, or shipper, nine years in every ten. In point of fact, we should not enjoy a single advantage by this arrangement that we do not now enjoy—it would only profitably export to England, if her ports were permanently closed to us; and we enjoy the same advantage under the operation of her corn laws.

But we are to take payment for this privilege, such as we have described it, iron, cloth, flannel, baize and cotton goods: this is the Editor's proposition, and it is of course, a part of the project. There is no

disguise about this matter—the Advocates of Free Trade look to the annihilation of our iron, woollen and cotton manufactures, and the ruin of all engaged in them, as the great object, which is to crown their wishes, nor do they affect to conceal their hopes and wishes, nor their belief that their efforts will lead to this monstrous result. We are now considering the case, however, as it affects the farmers—and we ask, whether this privilege of buying British goods will be any equivalent to them for the destruction of the home market—that market which, Adam Smith, the idol of the Free Trade Champions, calls the best of all possible markets—the market furnished at their doors, by the manufacturers, not only for their flour, but for every species of field and garden produce—a market which they possess, free from foreign rivalry and from commissions, freight and other charges. This market, which consumes ten times as much as England would in any event take off our hands, the Free Trade Advocates would destroy; for this plausible scheme of reciprocity would inevitably produce this effect. It would destroy the market at home without furnishing any abroad: it would drive the hundreds of thousands of consumers from manufactures to agriculture, and convert them into producers.

Another view of this project will show how utterly destitute of reciprocity it is. The destruction of our manufactures, to a great extent, would be certain—two years importation of British goods at low duties would seal their ruin. If after having accomplished this first rate object of her wishes, England should choose to say, our agricultural interest is suffering and we will resume our restrictions upon the corn trade; or if, for the purpose of getting the cheap corn of the Baltic, she should open her ports to all the world, which would be the same thing as if she had sent them to us, where would be our remedy? We could not resume our manufactures, we could not have the same facility in the labor of our countrymen, they would be infinitely greater than the original inception of them—the ruined manufacturers would neither have the spirit nor the means, and others would be deterred by their fate, and that want of confidence, which the changing and faithless policy of the government would inspire. This country would retrograde for a century, during which, England would monopolize our market as she formerly did, and thus reap the golden fruits of her adroitness and our gullibility. No scheme, in short, could be more admirably devised to prostrate the resources and real independence of our country at the feet of a jealous rival, than this Free Trade project.

The following article is from the Watchtower, printed in Harrisburg, Ky. the editor of which is the correspondent of T. Moore, Van Buren, and others.

The election in this district is over, and although we have nothing upon which we can find a congratulation to our readers, we still remain the true admirers of popular elections. We have, during the late canvass witnessed what ought to make the friends of freedom and the purity of elections shudder. The abuses that necessity has forced upon the candidates to have money, and to be liberal with it, is deeply to be regretted by all good men. If our own present disappointment in the result between the Congressional candidates, in this district, was all that was to be considered, we would not detract a remark upon the subject. But the regret we feel that a district so lately the strongest in the state in favor of Gen. Jackson, should so soon retrograde in principle and become the slavish followers of the very man, who, not five years since, sold them for a consideration which he received, is too glaring almost to be promulgated. That such has been the fact, let circumstances lower down the page attest. The result of this election gives some friends of Mr. Clay and four friends of Gen. Jackson, in this district. Besides, whatever is said to the contrary, our new Congressman is for Mr. Clay as next President, and will be against the measures of the present lower house of the state. How this political revolution has been accomplished we cannot say. Whether by the potent influence of Mr. Clay himself, who has been in every county of the district, or whether it is to be attributed to the known instability of the people of Kentucky upon political subjects, is difficult to determine, but that one or the other is the cause, there can be no question.

This county, which has contained an average majority, for the last two years, of from four to seven hundred in favor of the Jackson principles, has at the late election, returned an unflinching friend of the late administration to the State Senate, for four years, in opposition to a Jackson man of unimpeachable integrity. It is the true friend of the country, Mr. Thompson, a man, and it is equally true, that his competitor, whom he beat more than four hundred votes. Mr. Worthington, a firm friend of the late administration is also elected to the lower house of the state assembly. Washington has sent a Senator and Representative of the same stamp of politicians, and Jesuits have done the same. No man could have believed this result six months ago, and yet it is, whether to the credit or honor of the district let others say. That Mr. Kincaid and it furnish another but another proof, that if another were wanting, in the present government. We hope that those men will profess to be friends of General Jackson and his cabinet, will have been innocently misled in their opposition, and if so, they will regret, if time permits, their ways and return to the true fold—tent, but resting with cheerfulness on the subject to some extent, we will leave the subject with them, in the full confidence that if they are not right now, they will be at another time.

The Baltimore Chronicle has seen the correction of the error, which we have published, has itself done us the justice to re-publish the extract of our letter to the friend in Baltimore—"Subject as we are to errors and errata, our first duty is to correct them." The letter in question was written by the grandest though we hazard little in saying that the venerable grandeur entertains the same sentiments.—Richmond Enquirer.

The Enquirer has, by the above article, deprived itself of all the merit to which it was entitled by its prompt correction of its error, in regard to the authorship of the letter which it gave as that of the time-honoured Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Considering the faulty judgment its editors discovered in mistaking the "beautiful autograph" of "a very young man," for that of this venerable patriot, (who is, we believe, in his 93d year) we think they should have had too much respect for the opinion of the public to attempt by a kind of hap-hazard assertion, to ascribe to him the same sentiments as those entertained by the writer of the letter in question. It was bad enough in all conscience, by a most unaccountable oversight, of vision, to blunder on the conclusion they have done, without aggravating it in the manner now attempted, by affirming that the writer of the grandest of the "East Room" letter, and the course of conduct pursued by them, in relation to it. When the facts assumed by that notable writer were found to be maliciously untrue, the Enquirer then attempted to palliate the violation of truth and decency there contained, by affirming that "some other" had been mistaken for the "East Room." Had it discharged its duty then, it would have exposed the writer of that slander by giving his name to the public, in order that it might be introduced into our vocabulary as a synonyme of falsehood. Its duty should have taught it, now, after making the correction, to let the public draw their own conclusions as to the sentiments of Mr. C. If the editors of the Enquirer are in possession of his views and feelings on this subject, they are more fortunate, we understand, than those who have the advantage of close neighborhood and daily intercourse with him—or at all events, if they are in possession of them, they have too much respect for the relation in which he stands to his country, to jeopard the tranquility of the evening of his life, by courting the angry remarks of heated partisans. How much preferable such a course is, to that which recklessly drags his name into the political gossipings of the day, we leave for the determination of the editors of the Enquirer.

From the New York American.

HEALTH OF THE PRESIDENT.—It cannot have passed from the memory of any observer of events that during the struggle for the succession to Mr. Monroe as President, the health of one of the candidates, Mr. Crawford, became a very natural, and a very serious topic of inquiry. It can as little be forgotten that, owing to the *illness* (the word is, we know, a harsh one, but it is the only one applicable) of parizan newspapers, which, enlisted on the side of Mr. Crawford, had put all at stake upon his success. It became absolutely impossible to get at the truth, as to his real condition.

The country was hoodwinked, so far as certain leading men and leading presses could hoodwink it;

and intelligent, but deluded freemen, by thousands, and tens of thousands, gave their votes for a man as President, whom, at that moment, the act of God had absolutely incapacitated for such a station. After the event, this fact was admitted on all hands; and yet, up to the last moment, to the actual vote in the House of Representatives, some of those who after-wards joined in the absurd clamor about Mr. Adams not being the choice of the people, voted for Mr. Crawford, who did not receive from the people, by one half, as many votes as Mr. Adams, and whom, when they voted for him, they knew to be incapable, by the effects of withering disease, of discharging adequately the duties of the office.

The effect of such a course necessarily was, after the real situation of Mr. C. came to be known, to impair all confidence in newspaper averments.

The same game, with even less of excuse, or extenuating circumstances, seems to be again playing, with respect to the President. It is known to all whose business it is to be acquainted with what is passing at Washington, and elsewhere, that General Jackson's health and strength impaired as in some degree they are by a chronic disorder, not uncommon in men of his age—have suffered by the assiduous attention he has desired and endeavored to give to the numerous, and to him, doubtless embarrassing duties of his office. In this, there is nothing to astonish, or seriously to alarm us; and if the fact were at once frankly admitted and publicly stated, there would be no "speculation" about it.

This, however, does not square with the notions or the interests of those who derive their consequence and political existence from the President—and who would therefore desire all the world to look upon him as they would have him considered, as one exempt from the "ills that flesh is heir to." Accordingly, as soon as any intimation is given that the General is indisposed, denials are vehemently uttered and echoed—and reproaches are heaped upon those who believe that the President is mortal, as though they were compassing his death. We will add some recent paragraphs illustrating these remarks. The President was, undoubtedly, some ten days ago, quite unwell. This fact, if no other proof existed, will be admitted on the strength of its announcement, accompanied by the tidings of convalescence in the official paper at Washington. In order, however, that even such an admission may not prejudice the cause of the Party, the Argus, which derives its light from the State department, receives and publishes a letter from Washington, that is duly copied by the subordinates, and of which the following is the first paragraph:—Extract of a letter from Washington of the 15th Aug., published in the Argus.

The reports of the bad health of the President are much exaggerated. I speak from personal knowledge when I state that notwithstanding he has been somewhat indisposed, in consequence of the severity and extent of his official avocations, his general health is good, and he is uniformly in good spirits. The reports, thus exaggerated, are probably the result of a fondness for gossip, and of a design to beguile a distrust of his ability to discharge his duties.

Now, unlucky for the truth of this statement, the Richmond Enquirer (the organ in Virginia, as the Argus is in New York) states that it was necessary for the restoration of the President's health that he should go down to Old Point Comfort. The usual allusion of the Enquirer seems, however, to have attended this paragraph. It was not a "mistake," indeed, such as that *credulous* paper sometimes makes; nor a misrepresentation, probably, but it was an indiscretion—a political fault, (and Talleyrand says or is made to say, they are worse than crimes,) for it admitted too much; and, accordingly, in that paper of Tuesday last, the first paragraph is taken back, and we have the following substitute for it:—

We understand from a gentleman just from Washington, that the President's health was so much improved within a few days, that he would probably abandon the idea he had formed of visiting Old Point.

As the fates would have it however, the same mail that brought the semi-official notification, brought also the Alexandria Phoenix of Thursday, in which we find it set down in the following words, that the President, and not only the President, but the Secretary of War, who is, we suppose, "guide, physician, friend," had actually gone to Old Point. Alas! for the Enquirer!

The President of the United States, accompanied by the Secretary of War, passed down yesterday, in the steamboat Potomac, on his way to Old Point.—[Alexandria Phoenix of Thursday.]

Such are the contradictions to which efforts to mystify and conceal the truth, always give rise. The President's health is a national, and not a party concern, and concealment about it, such as are sometimes said to be attempted in monarchies, and which the press of this country is upon such occasion always forward to satirize, are alike injudicious and injurious.

For ourselves, we do not doubt that the President's health and strength both have suffered by the confinement and labor of his office—but we believe, and very certainly hope, that in temporary relaxation, and the bracing air of the sea board, he may find complete restoratives. The difficulty even then will be, to convince those, whom distance prevents from personally judging, and whom past experience has taught to distrust semi-official notifications on such points that such is the fact.

When the most vocal subservency is daily manifested by the subsidized presses of the present administration, in approving its measures, it may not be amiss to publish the following extract from the speech of the Hon. James Hamilton, Jr. late a member of Congress from South Carolina, delivered in the House of Representatives on the occasion of the debate on General Saunders' resolution, calling on Mr. Clay for his reasons for withdrawing the patronage of the government from two or three of the most abusive papers of the country. If there were such danger to be apprehended by the withdrawal of the publication of the laws from the few printers ejected by Mr. Clay, as depicted by Major Hamilton in 1827, how much greater is that danger now, when every press in his nation that could be, has been bought up with the People's money as the wages of their iniquity—some with office, others with public work, and some with both? This question involves considerations of serious import, and deserves the most serious attention; for it may be considered as a solemn truth, that if the liberties of our country are ever to be cloven down, the first approaches to the citadel will be made through the corruption of the press:

"If (says Mr. Hamilton,) by the exercise of an irresponsible discretion, the patronage of the Government can be applied to nourish the presses of the country in venal accord, to praise every thing which the Administration should do, and subject their proprietors to the punishment of the loss of his patronage if they dare to censure its measures, this forms directly a government press, which is more alarming to the liberties of the People than the organization of the whole of Gen. Brown's army, of six thousand men, formed into a guard of the place. Let me moreover say, that a control of this kind over the press is more dangerous to its liberty, than most of the dogmas of the law of libel, expounded by the most servile minion of power. The liberty of the press is liable to abuse by a corruption of its purity, when bad public men and bad public measures are praised, and when the Government becomes the paymaster for their services, the evil is infinitely augmented.

Political Consistency.—Mr. Clay was corrupting the Press when he took the printing of the laws from several Editors. The last was a travelling Cabinet, because its members went home two or three times during their term of service. It is clear there was bargain and intrigue, because Mr. Clay and Mr. Cook, both members of Congress, were appointed to office by Mr. Adams.—So say the present Administration prints.

Suppose, for the sake of the argument, we grant

them that all this is true, we presume they will be willing to let the rule work both ways. What then are we to say of pensioning somewhere about 40 Editors, by the present Administration?—Is this corrupting the Press? What of Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Branch, Mr. Ingham, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Hill, travelling over the country?—Does it make them a travelling Cabinet? What of appointing Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Branch, Mr. Ingham, Mr. M'Lane, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Owen, all members of Congress?—Does that prove bargain and intrigue?

We wish these things would be looked into seriously and candidly.—Alex. Phenix.

From the Columbian Gazette.

Mr. John Jackson, the gentleman who was appointed Consul at Martinique one day, and disappeared the next, has addressed a letter to the President, which is published in yesterday's Journal, it places the President's conduct in no enviable point of view. Mr. Jackson cannot now expect any favors from Gen. Jackson, after such a tongue lashing, any more than Mr. Norton; it does not appear as yet in this case, however, that the right person has been found; perhaps they are searching the country for another John Jackson. There is a Mr. James Jackson, residing in Alabama, we believe, of whom the General probably knows something. Could it have been him, that the commission was intended for?

Racing Intelligence.—A match race (5,000 each stake, two mile heats) will be run for, over the Union Course New York, on the 3d of October next, by W. R. Johnson's three years old Colt (full brother to Arab) by Sir Archie, and J. C. Stevens' three years old Filly by Eclipse.—[Petersburg Int.]

Joseph Millaine has been appointed to be the Recorder of the City of Philadelphia, in place of Joseph Reed, Esq., resigned.

The freshest in the Rappahannock on Monday night, in consequence of the late rains, did great damage. Large quantities of grain have been also lost, and other disasters happened in Orange, Culpeper and Fauquier.—[Alex. Phoe.]

Cincinnati.—It appears from a late census, that Cincinnati contains a population of near 24,000!

A letter from London received by a gentleman in New York, dated July 14th, states that one of the Ministers at the Court of St. James, has been presented by the University of Oxford with the degree of L. L. D.

HARD TIMES appear to be the complaint all over.—Cobbett, in a late Register, in London sets forth certain facts regarding the present state of distress, or want of active business in England, that are very striking. He ascribes much of the mischief to the actual state of the circulation, as compared with the lavish issue by country bankers in past years. Our purpose, however, is not to speculate upon his reasoning, but to present his facts—which are thus numbered:—[J. V. American.]

"1. I have been through West Kent and East Sussex myself; (says Mr. Cobbett) Mr. Hunt has been through Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Middlesex; I have seen a friend from the South of Hampshire, and one from the North of that county; I have seen a letter from Montgomeryshire, and another from Yorkshire; and I have seen a gentleman from Bristol, and another from Leicestershire. On the authority of all these, I am bold to assure you, that there are no corn stacks in these counties. A thing quite new, you will please to observe; a thing never known before in the memory of the oldest man living, whatever might have been the previous harvest, and whatever might have been the price of corn. The Cause: the cornstacks have been held for years past, as pledges to the country bankers for the false capital advanced by them: they have now been sold in order to pay up the balances due from the farmers to the banks; the cultivation was carried on by borrowed money; and now the bubble has burst.

"2. Butter sells in Yorkshire (fresh butter) at sixpence per pound; in Leicestershire at eightpence; in the Weald of Kent at eightpence, at Tunbridge at tenpence.

"3. Cotton prints are selling in London for less than the duty which they have paid namely 2 1/2 p. per yard; and cotton stockings for boys at a penny a pair and for men at fivepence!

"4. Southdown wool in Hampshire and Wiltshire at fivepence the pound; very near to London, at sixpence.

"5. The country five-pound notes, unless at the rook's own shop, are exchanged by paying threepence in the pound. Some Welch shepherds paid more the other day at Guildford in Surrey. They doubtless wrote in their journal, 'Bless. Bring sovereigns next time we come from home.'

"6. Welch cattle, bred in Wales, and sold for the markets in Sussex and Kent, particularly the latter, have come by ten shillings this year instead of hundreds. One farmer in the neighborhood of Romney Marsh, wrote, about Christmas last, to his correspondent in Wales to send him sixty head, in the month of June: before June came (early in May) he wrote to his correspondent to send him not one, there being no money to pay with.

"7. A farmer in Surrey, that used to pasture for the night hundreds of these cattle three or four times in the week, throughout the months of June, July and August, has not had one head during the last month!

"8. A farmer upon the borders of Sussex and Surrey sent some Dorset Ewes to three separate fairs and to one monthly cattle market, and never had any bidding at all for them at any of the places! The ewes were sound, and in good condition.

"9. The Norfolk and Suffolk farmers say, 'Nothing sell!' in the West of England they say 'Nothing sell!'

"10. The Welch farmers say, the 'Stacks are all gone, and we must go far off!'

"11. What is falling in price notwithstanding all this.

"12. These facts are all correct; and it really does appear to be the duty of Mr. Goulburn to induce the country bankers to begin to put out those £25 notes, which he assured us and assures you that they would put out as soon as they 'got rid of the ones.'

"13. Now, in conclusion, let me beseech you to stand firm some people (and I do so) say that the red coats will give way: I stand up for the honor of the cloth, and I promise all that talk to me, fresh butter at a 'goat a pound.'

"14. P. S. There are at this time more shops shut up in Oxford Street, St. Giles', Holborn, Skinner Street, Legate Street, Cheapside, Cornhill, Bishopsgate Street, Leadenhall Street, Gracechurch Street, Fenchurch Street, Fish Street Hill, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand; there are ten times more shops shut up in those streets of London, than any man living ever saw before at any one time, and I declare it to be a fact, that tradesmen in London, wholesale as well as retail, now carry on their business at a loss over and above the interest of their capital. The shipping of the Port of London is in a still worse state than the wholesale and retail trade."

NOTICE.

I BEG leave to inform those whom it may interest, that I have declined business, having disposed of my stock in trade to Mr. Richard D. SANXAY, who has been living with me for 10 or 12 years.

Mr. SANXAY is authorized to settle any transaction, or open account, relative to my late business, and his receipt will be good against me.

WM. H. FITZWHYLLSON.

HAVING succeeded Mr. Wm. H. Fitzwhyllson in the business of Stationer, Book-seller & Binder, I respectfully tender his services to the former customers of the house, and to the public generally. It is his intention to keep constantly on hand the best materials for the manufacture of Merchants' Account-books, Records, and other Blank-books; and having been regularly bred to the Book-binding business, and possessing many years' experience in the Stationery and Book-selling departments, he hopes that these, added to unremitting exertions, will secure to him a share of the public patronage.

Merchants, Clerks of County Courts, and others, particularly the customers of his predecessors, may confidently rely on his best efforts to give satisfaction, both as to the quality of the articles ordered and the prices.

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